

**THE HERALD**  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
JAMES L. W. ELLIS,  
[To whom all communications on business must be  
addressed pre-paid.]

**TERMS.**  
Per annum, in advance, : : \$2 00  
In six months, : : : : \$1 25  
Three copies, in advance, : : \$5 00

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Of 25... \$3.75  
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# BARDSTOWN HERALD.

J. D. NOURSE, Editor.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

J. L. W. ELLIS, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 24, 1853.

NO. 6.

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## THE FOREST KNIGHTS

Early Times in Kentucky.

BY J. D. NOURSE.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Philip Beaufort was on his way to Kentucky at the very time Mary supposed him to be utterly oblivious of the vows which they had exchanged. On his return from the north, he took a journey into the upper part of the State for the express purpose of seeing her and learning from her own lips why she had not answered his letters. Arriving in the neighborhood where Mr. Moseby had lately resided, it was with a pang that he heard of Mary's recent departure to the West. He returned home, determined to reconcile himself to what he had discovered to be the wish of his father, who, ever since the great change in the worldly condition of the young lady, had been opposed to a connection which he had once looked upon with favor. Beaufort might have made up his mind to an eternal separation from Mary and bestowed his regard on some other fair one, had it not been for a discovery which he made soon after his return from the upper country.

It happened that the letters he had written to Mary before his entrance into the army, he had delivered to a favorite negro boy, who had directions to take them to a post office in a neighboring village. This boy was taken dangerously sick, and supposing himself about to die, sent word to his young master that he had something on his mind which he wanted to tell him. Philip went to his quarter, and as soon as they were left alone, the poor fellow after making Philip promise not to tell his old master, proceeded to make a disclosure which at first put the young man in a violent rage, to be speedily succeeded by self-reproach and distress.

His father, after he had heard that Mr. Shelby was a bankrupt, and had entered the British service, directed this boy who was the body servant of Philip, to bring all the letters of his young master to him. This rendered clear some things in the conduct of his father, as well as occasional expressions which at the time had suggested no definite suspicions, and Philip became satisfied that none of his letters had ever reached his betrothed.

His indignation at this discovery, which overpowered for a time the love and respect in which he had never been wanting towards his sole surviving parent, was soon merged in far more powerful emotions. When he thought of her whose affections he had won, bereaved, afflicted, hiding her sorrows, to which his apparent neglect had perhaps given a keener sting, in a wilderness where she was exposed to every kind of peril and hardship, he was almost frantic. What must she think of him, who, while she was in the sunshine of prosperity and splendor, had drawn from her a confession of that love which he seemed to cast away as worthless when poverty and distress had come upon her, thus adding to the inflictions of Providence another and perhaps still deeper wound.

He would fly to her, though his path should be beset with horrors at every step; he would fall on his knees before her and entreat her to forgive and love him once more; he would do any thing, suffer

any hardship, encounter any danger to reinstate himself in her regard; and if she would not or could not be his, he might at least have the sad satisfaction of guarding her from peril or dying at her feet.

He spent the night preparing for a long and dangerous journey, and wrote a letter to his father which he left on his own table, detailing the motives of his romantic enterprise, and praying his forgiveness for going so far away without asking his consent or bidding him farewell. By daybreak he was on horseback with his face towards the highlands of Carolina. At the last hamlet on the frontier he fell in with some backwoodsmen going west, in whose company he penetrated the defiles of the Appalachian mountains. At the "Blockhouse," before mentioned, in the Holston valley, they were joined by some emigrants, who were on their way from Virginia to the neighborhood of Logan's Fort in Kentucky. Here Beaufort learned that a large company had passed some weeks before, which he had no doubt was the one in which Mary and her friends had traveled.

Beaufort and the emigrants struck into the great western trail and meeting with no adventure of importance, they arrived one evening at the little outpost of civilization called Logan's Fort. Some females were milking the cows outside of the gate, while men with loaded rifles were lounging near to guard them against any sudden attack of the Indians. Philip was introduced into a cabin, one end of which was almost taken up by a huge chimney made of logs, in which an immense fire was blazing. He was kindly received and invited to sit down on a stool, the best seat the cabin afforded, by a middle-aged female of mild and dignified appearance who was busy preparing supper. Several children were tumbling over each other on the floor, and there was one in a cradle, which, though not precisely a sugar trough, was of little less simple construction. A rifle leaned in one corner, and the walls were decorated with the branching horns of elk and deer.

Philip had gathered round him some of the children, who, though not forward, were by no means afraid of the well-dressed stranger, when the master of the house entered and saluted him with grave but cordial courtesy. Philip was struck by his singularly commanding appearance. He was tall, well-formed and muscular, his hair and eyes were dark and the latter as piercing as those of an eagle, his complexion was bronzed by exposure, his dress was the usual hunting-shirt and leggings of the backwoodsman, and his manner, plain and unassuming, indicated perfect self-possession, and the habit of command. General Logan, for it was the founder of the fort and the pioneer of that part of Kentucky that Philip beheld, was indeed a remarkable man. To the iron hardihood of the backwoodsman, he united the manners of a gentleman, and the romantic heroism of the most shining period of chivalry.

He was of that Scotch-Irish race of western Virginia, already spoken of as having furnished so large a proportion of the founders and defenders of civilization in the Mississippi valley. He had passed through many wild scenes and hair-breadth escapes, and while sitting round the fire after their plain but bountiful repast, he entertained his guest with stories of western adventure some of which were thrilling and terrible enough. When he spoke of his own exploits he did so with unaffected modesty, as if it had never occurred to him that there was anything wonderful about them.

He had been in Lord Dunmore's famous expedition, in the course of which he had fought under the immediate command of General Lewis at the mouth of the Kanawha, in the most obstinate and bloody contest which ever took place between white men and Indians. He had been one of the earliest settlers of Kentucky, and had built the fort where he now resided in the midst of unbroken forests, far from any other settlement. One morning while a number of his people were outside of the stockade, they were suddenly attacked by Indians and some of them wounded before they could regain the shelter of the fort. One of the white men, named Harrison, was too badly wounded to fly, and lay writhing in agony at some distance from the fort, and near a thicket in which the savages concealed themselves, hoping that some of the garrison would come to his relief.

Though the enemy had ceased firing, Logan perfectly understood their object, for he was well acquainted with all their stratagems, having had already a large experience of this kind of warfare. He knew that any one leaving the fort before he could reach the wounded man, would be a mark for twenty Indian rifles. He had but twenty effective men with him and could not afford to lose any, he had good reason to expect a siege.

Yet the cries of the wounded man and the lamentations of his family were so distressing, that Logan determined to bring him into the fort at all hazards. With great difficulty he persuaded one of his men to go with him. But they were scarcely out of the fort, when Logan's companion seeing Harrison rise to his feet for a moment, concluded rather hastily that he was able to help himself and ran back into the fort. Logan proceeded alone in his almost desperate undertaking. He had hit upon a singular expedient for partial protection from the Indian bullets. He rolled a bed-dick before him until he reached the wounded man, when suddenly snatching him up in his arms, he bore him back to the fort unharmed through a shower of rifle balls, some of which pierced his clothes.

He soon found that the fort was beleaguered on every side by a savage force at least four times the number of his own garrison. His supply of ammunition was so scanty, that if the siege should be protracted, as it was in fact for several weeks, with a closeness and persevering ferocity scarcely paralleled in aboriginal warfare, his destruction seemed inevitable. No powder could be procured nearer than the Holston valley, more than one hundred miles distant. Logan one dark night crept through the enemy, and avoiding the usual route to the Holston, made his way thither over frightful cliffs, and through wilds never before trodden by a white man, and having obtained much powder and lead as he and two assistants could transport, returned by the same route. Pushing ahead of his assistants he re-entered the fort, which was still closely besieged, infused by his unexpected return fresh spirits into his almost despairing garrison, and opened the way for the entrance of the munitions of war. The fort was soon after relieved by a body of troops under Col. Bowman, who compelled the Indians to retire. The supply of ammunition obtained by Logan, coupled with his successful defence, saved from utter destruction the infant settlements of Kentucky.

Philip sat till near midnight listening to the thrilling narratives of his host, upon whom he in turn made a very favorable impression. The next morning he was pressed by General Logan to remain some days, but Beaufort was anxious to proceed for reasons which the reader may readily conjecture. He diverged slightly, however, from the direct trail to Harrold's Station, the next stopping place, which he could easily reach before nightfall, in order to see a remarkable locality which his host had mentioned. A buffalo trace, through deep forests and dense canebrakes, led him to the most singular group of hills he had ever beheld. It was a cluster of cones and pyramids some of them of great height, and almost as regular as if shaped by the hand of art, and all exposing a surface of hard blue clay without a trace of vegetation. There was something startling, weird, dreamlike, almost awful in this strange solitude of herbless mounds, standing there in the centre of exuberant fertility, the monuments and throne of ancient desolation.

Beaufort, and one of the backwoodsmen with whom he was travelling, climbed with no small difficulty to the summit of one of the pyramids. The sky was clear, but the air was smoky enough to soften the outlines of a rich landscape, basking in the warm sunlight of a summer day. The ocean of forest undulated, on one side, without a single patch of cultivation, to the feet and up the sides of a long range of hills that looked blue in the hazy distance; on the other it spread, a sea of foliage, broken by island-clearings at long intervals, over a part of what has already been described as the most fertile and beautiful region of the West. It was a sylvan scene of such magnificence as perhaps no other country on earth could have exhibited. The nearest point at which the hand of civilized man was visible was a clearing a few miles from the "Knob Lick," on a very fine tract of land, which, as Beaufort was informed by his companion, was the property of Col. Shelby, the hero of King's Mountain. It was level except where it sloped towards a stream which could be seen to descend, far away towards the east, into a deep gorge on its way to the Kentucky River.

Beaufort passed through a part of the extensive estate of Col. Shelby, after leaving the Knob Lick, and it struck him that the distinguished proprietor had made a very happy selection. The large growth and loftiness of the woods, as well as the great density and gigantic size of the cane, indicated a soil of extraordinary depth and fertility. He found, however, the same indications along the whole route which he travelled during that and the following day, when he arrived at Lexington, except the immediate valley of the Kentucky river and the lower ravines of its tributaries. He had learned that the desti-

nation of the company comprising Mr. Moseby and his family was the region round about Lexington, and he stopped there to make inquiry as to their present location.

### CHAPTER IX.

We must now go back a little to relate some events which had happened while Beaufort was on his way from Carolina. It must be borne in mind that it required several weeks to traverse the wilderness at that period.

One afternoon in the latter part of May, the open space in front of a sort of store at Bryant's Station, where powder, lead and whisky were sold to the backwoodsmen, and a meager stock of drygoods was made to fill as much space as possible to catch the fancies of their wives and daughters, was enlivened by a crowd of stalwart hunters and marksmen, distributed into various groups, each of which had made up a match in rifle-shooting at different distances.

One of these groups was composed of three brothers named Hartman, relatives of that Peter Hartman already mentioned as the leader of the emigrants from Carolina, and two young men named McClure, who were also brothers, and full matches in strength and courage for any other two in the settlement. Marston, tired of beating everybody, was sitting at the store door watching the display of marksmanship, especially that of his friend Robert McClure, who had borrowed Marston's rifle, his own being out of order.

Marston was not on very good terms with the Hartmans, to whom their uncle had imparted some portion of the jealous hatred which he still cherished towards the man who had not only supplanted him in the confidence of the emigrants, as above related, but had ever since overshadowed him in public estimation. He had diligently sought an occasion of quarrel with our hero, who was determined not to give him one, if it could be avoided without doing himself injustice.

The Hartmans were known as a very clannish set of folks, who upheld one another in all their difficulties, and who ever incurred the enmity of one of them, especially of Peter Hartman, who was looked up to as in some sort the head of the family, might be almost sure of encountering the persecution of the whole batch. Besides his relatives, Peter Hartman had his partisans too among his neighbors, who shared his prejudices against Marston, whose friends, however were more numerous and of an higher character. On the present occasion, Peter Hartman, seeing a number of his own party on the ground, was resolved to find or make an opportunity of drawing Marston into a quarrel before they separated.

In the group which our hero was watching the most skillful marksmen were Robert McClure and Joseph Hartman, and these were so nearly matched, that it was at length agreed between them to submit their pretensions to one final trial. Accordingly a new target was set up, and the others laid aside their guns, and, joined by Marston, awaited the result of the decisive match between the brag shots of the respective parties, with as much interest, as a closely contested election would have excited in the same persons under different circumstances.

McClure fired first and broke the centre of the mark. Hartman then took his stand and all eyes were eagerly bent upon the target, as his rifle slowly settled down to an aim. The moment the report was heard one of the Hartmans hastened to the target and held it up with a shout of exultation. Upon examination it was found that though Hartman had not really made a better shot than McClure, his ball, being larger, had broken somewhat farther over the centre, though the difference was scarcely perceptible. After some boisterous discussion, it was left to Marston, and he, upon the rule generally acknowledged, which gives the advantage to the man whose rifle carries the largest bullet, decided against McClure, who exclaimed:

"Well, damn it, I give it up; but I tell you what it is, Joe, I have a colt here that can beat your nag any distance you please."

"I'll be d--d if he can," replied Hartman.

"What will you bet then on a race," rejoined McClure, "say three hundred yards from the south gate."

"I'll put up five dollars agin that shot pouch," a very beautiful one, embroidered with beads, and powder-horn attached, that McClure had become possessed of in the famous expedition against Kaskaskia under Gen. Clarke.

"That's not exactly even, for the shot pouch is worth double the money; but may be you think you ought to have odds to run against the finest colt in the settlement."

"Well, if you want to back out, I'll let you off," said Hartman.

"I hadn't any idea of backing out, and to make no more words about it, just bring out your horse if you want to see mine run away from him."

Leading their horses by the bridle the two young men passed out of the fort, followed by the whole crowd, for there was no greater attraction than a horse race to the Kentuckians of that, any more than of the present generation.

Just without the pickets was a stretch of strait and level road, which was selected as the race ground. The distance having been marked off by stepping, the judges, of whom Marston happened to be one, and the greater part of the crowd, remained near the gate, while the two jockeys, after taking off the saddles and their own hunting-shirts, mounted their horses and rode slowly up the road until they had reached the appointed distance, then wheeled, and at the word put spurs to their steeds and came thundering towards the gate, raising a cloud of dust, which almost blinded the eager spectators. McClure came out a little ahead, but one of the judges was completely under the influence of the Hartmans; another was an indecisive man, and being somewhat afraid of the clan, hesitated, until Marston, who had only consented to serve at all because he saw that his unsuspecting friend was about to be cheated in the selection of judges, spoke out so decidedly in favor of McClure, as to secure the voice of his wavering associate. The elder Hartman was standing near Marston, and glaring upon him like a tiger, as he announced the decision, remarked in a tone loud enough to be heard by all around: "I knew what you would say, for Bob McClure promised you half the money to decide for him."

"You are merely seeking a quarrel with me," replied Marston, turning his calm unquailing blue eye upon his deadly foe, "for you know that nobody here will believe such a falsehood as that for one moment."

"Do you mean to charge me with lying, sir," said Hartman, and his small dark deep-set eyes shot forth from under his frowning brows that serpent glitter already noticed.

"I mean sir," replied Marston, "that when you assert that Mr. McClure has bribed me to decide in his favor, you assert what you yourself and everybody here know to be a willful and infamous falsehood."

Hartman aimed at him a blow which he eluded, and he was about to close with his antagonist who was drawing a long hunting-knife from its sheath, when some of the younger Hartmans fell upon him, and poor Marston was in a fair way to be killed outright, without having a chance to defend himself. At the critical moment, however, Robert McClure, who had been standing a little way off, holding his horse and talking with some of his friends, became aware of what was going on at the gate, and dropping the bridle, sprang almost over the heads of the crowd, followed by his brother Andrew, exclaiming, "Fair play here, by--" as he threw back the Hartmans right and left, and ranged himself with his brother by the side of Marston. The Hartmans paused an instant, but still further irritated by the air and tone of defiance assumed by their new antagonists, soon rushed upon them, and a desperate affray was commencing which would probably have been fatal to some of the combatants, when Colonel Todd, the commander of the military district, came up at full gallop, and called to the crowd in a stern and peremptory tone--

"Separate those madmen, instantly. The Indians may be murdering their wives and children, while they are trying to kill each other."

The fearful intimation that Indians were in the neighborhood acted like a spell. The combat instantly ceased, and the men gathered round the officer who informed them that a body of savage warriors had been seen crossing the Licking early that morning. This announcement caused the crowd to disperse in every direction. Mounting their horses in hot haste, most of the men never drew rein until they had reached their homes in the surrounding forests, where they prepared for immediate removal to the fort.

Some time elapsed, and the Indians, if any had been really seen, having apparently given over all hostile purposes, the alarm passed away entirely, and the settlers returned to their homes, where their presence and labor were especially needed in the latter part of spring. Mary, who with the family of Mr. Moseby had sought temporary refuge at the fort, returned with her friends to the plantation, and cheerfully aided them as much as she could in repairing the effects of their hasty flight and absence from home, and even began to consult with Jane and her aunt about beautifying the grounds with such flowering shrubs as could be safely transplanted from the neighboring forests. Her existence resumed its ordinary peaceful flow, interrupted only by those hours of sad retrospection, in which the images of former scenes and departed friends would come over her with unusual vividness, and melt her soul into that gentle sorrow into which the sharpest griefs are melted by time and change. Happily she was more than ever under the power of those religious principles which she had been taught in childhood, and the warm reality, and consoling and supporting efficacy of which had been brought home to her by the afflictive dispensations of Providence.

It is true the "sound of the church-going bell" was not as yet heard in this western wilderness; but were not the lofty stems of the solemn forest, those hoary and moss-grown witnesses of the silent flight of ages--were they not the pillars of a fit temple of the living God--their verdant aisles by day lit up by the most striking material image of His glory, by night over-arched with the star-fretted vault, the magnificent outer porch of the "palace of Eternity?" At no former period of her life, whether on the breezy hills of her fatherland, on the broad ocean whose ceaseless hymn rises to the stars, or in crowded and magnificent temples made with hands, had she been so sensible as in the wilds of Kentucky of the presence and guardian care of the Eternal Father. She had learned that great lesson, the essence of the christian religion, as of all religions, so far as they have any food for the spiritual life in them--that loving consciousness of absolute subjection to a Being of infinite wisdom, power and goodness, which excludes absolute subjection to anything beneath Him, and involves cheerful renunciation of whatever He may not will to bestow or allow us to retain--that lesson which was practically embodied in the life and death of the Founder of Christianity, even regarded as a man, with a larger measure than other men of the Eternal Word or Wisdom--which was most strikingly set forth by him in his last agonizing prayer in the Garden, when in view of that bitter cup of shame and death which was to finish his work, and fully qualify him as commander-in-chief of that army of God, of which Socrates, Plato, and other worthies have been faithful and glorious subalterns, he cried out from the depths of his divine soul, in clear recognition of the perfect wisdom, justice and goodness of his Father and our Father, "not my will but thine be done."

Whoever has thus learned to lay self on the altar of God, to do and suffer His will, in the firm faith that, as all-wise He knows what is best, and as all-good He will the best, and as all-powerful He will be sure to bring it about, is fully armed against the vicissitudes of fortune, against the power of disease, against the fierceness of human passions, against all that can threaten life, comfort, or earthly prosperity. Mary was soon to have need of all the resources of courage and fortitude which she could derive from religious faith and moral discipline. The Indians were in fact traversing the forests of Kentucky in small parties, and in a very stealthy manner, spying out the land, and committing slight depredations, when they thought they could do so without exciting general alarm, and were now about to return to their villages beyond the Ohio to prepare for a great expedition. In the language of an eloquent writer, "these small parties were the preludes of a storm of savage fury which was gathering in the North, ere long to burst upon the infant settlements of Kentucky."

Meanwhile the alarm having entirely subsided in Marston's neighborhood, those passions, which had been suppressed for a time by a sense of common and imminent danger, began to resume their sway. By his quarrel with Hartman, as already intimated, Marston had involved himself in a deadly feud with an extensive clan of family connexions, who had emigrated in company, bought lands adjoining, and acted together in all disputes and difficulties with their neighbors. Most of them, even of the women, were turbulent, vindictive and ferocious, and woe to the hapless wight who might give offence to any of the clan, especially to him who was regarded as its chief. The shrewdness of some of them, their positive and unhesitating manner of uttering their hates, and their overbearing ferocity had enabled them to deceive or overawe many of their neighbors and make them the tools of their own selfish and turbulent passions.

Unfortunately for Marston his farm was in the vicinity of this troublesome clan, that is to say, some two or three miles from the nearest of them. After the affray at the Station they spared no means of annoying him and bringing upon him the dislike and suspicion of his neighbors, while Peter Hartman with patient animosity awaited a favorable opportunity for heaping upon him the full measure of his hoarded vengeance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A BACHELOR'S OPINION OF MODERN GIRLS.**—In a remote corner of a Scotch paper we discovered the annexed libellous and atrocious lines:

Ever ranging, constantly changing,  
Sometimes teasing, sometimes pleasing,  
Sometimes coaxing, sometimes coaxing,  
No expressing how much dressing,  
Little knowing, little sewing,  
Little walking, greatly talking,  
Mischievous making, promise breaking,  
Novel reading, dainty feeding,  
Idle dreaming, sudden screaming,  
Lap-dog doating, Byron quoting,  
Piano-playing, gems displaying,  
Body bracing, tightly lacing,  
Over-sleeping, often weeping,  
Dandy-loving, white-kid gloving,  
Thin-shoe wearing, health despairing,  
Daily fretting, sickness getting,  
Ever sighing, almost dying,  
What blessed wives to cheer men's lives!"

Home Journal.

## JOB-PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume of the Herald, made several very new and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to get up our work in a style that can not fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, BILLS, POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c., &c., will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are determined to use all means within our power to please those who favor us with their patronage.

GIVE US A CALL.

## Grace Greenwood at Rome.

Grace Greenwood's Roman letters are exceedingly spirited. Thence discourses upon the Apo-lo Belvedere. "In all his triumphant deity, excellent vitality and rejoicing strength, the Apollo stands forth as a pure type of immortality--every inch a god. There is an Olympian spring in the foot which seems to spurn the earth--a secure diadadem of death in the very curve of his nostrils--a sunburnt light on his brow; while the absolute perfection of grace, the supernatural majesty of the figure now, as in the old time, seemed to lift it above the human and the perishing, into the region of the divine and the eternal. Scarcely can it be said that the worship of this god has ceased. The indestructible glory of the lost divinity lingers about him still; and the deep, almost solemn emotion, the sigh of unutterable admiration, with which the pilgrims of art first behold him now, differ little, perhaps, from the hushed adoration of his early worshippers. I have never seen any work of art which I had such difficulty to realize as a mere human creation, born in an artist's struggling brain, moulded in dull clay, and from thence transferred, by the usual slow and laborious process, to marble. Nor can I even think of it as having, according to old poetic fancy, pre-existed in the stone, till the divinely-directed chisel of the sculptor cut down to it. Ah! so, methinks, the very marble must have trembled, in presence of the god it held. To me it rather seems a glowing, divine conception, struck instantly into stone. It surely embodies the very soul and glory of the ancient mythology, and, with kindred works, forms, if not a fair justification of, at least a noble apology for, a religion which revelled in ideas of beauty and grace, which had ever something lofty and pure, even in its refined sensuality--and for the splendid arrangement of that genius which boldly chiselled out its own grand conceptions, and named them gods. The Apollo I should like to see every day of my life. I would have it near me; and every morning, as the darkness is lifted before the sun, and the miracle of creation is renewed, I would wish to lift a curtain, and gaze on that transcendent image of life and light--to receive into my own being somewhat of the energy and joy of existence with which it so abounds--to catch some gleams of the glory of the fresh and golden morning of poetry and art yet ravishing from his brow. One could drink in strength as from a fountain, from gazing on that attitude of pride and grace, so light, yet firm, and renew one's wasted vigor by the mere sight of that exulting and effortless action."

—Home Journal.

**DEFINITION OF DOGMATISM.**—"Robert, my dear," said Jenny, with the deferential air of a scholar, "Robert, what did Mr. Carraway mean when he said he hated dog-dogmatism?"

Topps was puzzled. "Robert, my dear," Jenny urged, "what in the world is dogmatism?" Now it was the weakness of Topps never to confess ignorance of anything to his wife. "A man should never do it."

Topps had been known in a convivial season to declare, "It makes 'em conceited." Whereupon Topps prepared himself, as was his wont, to make a solemn, satisfying answer.

Taking off his hat, and smoothing the wrinkles of his brow, Topps said, "Humph! what is dogmatism? It is this, of course--dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth!"

There are three kinds of men in this world--the "Will's," the "Wont's," and the "Can't's." The former effect everything, the other oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything. "I will," builds our railroads and steamboats. "I won't," don't believe in "experiments and nonsense;" while "I can't," grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion in a court of bankruptcy.

## A Clergyman.

An old and valuable subscriber, has sent us a certificate from one of his Parishioners, which he wishes published for the benefit of his neighbors, and the community at large. It states on authority that needs no confirmation, the particulars of a remarkable cure from Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, an article we have already taken occasion to notice, and which we have reason to believe is worth notice. This sufferer had been reduced very low from the effects of a Cold and Cough, caused by over exertion at a fire, nearly three years since, and from which it was evident to his friends that he was fast hastening to a premature grave. Many of the remedies of the day and the advice of eminent Physicians had all failed to afford him relief, when he was induced to try the Cherry Pectoral, which soon cured him. The crowded state of our columns will not admit the full particulars, but we earnestly invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another part of our paper. —Christian Chronicle.

## \$100 REWARD!

**RANAWAY** from the subscriber, living near Bardstown, on Tuesday, the 15th inst., a black man named SAMFSON aged 36 years, yellow complexion, 5 feet ten inches high, hair black, eyes blue, dark cheeks, square made and weighs about 160 pounds. He had on when he left a brown jacket, grey jeans pants, coarse boots and a black wool hat. I will give the above reward if taken out of the State, \$50 if taken in this State and out of Nelson and the adjoining counties, \$20 if taken in any county adjoining Nelson, and \$10 if taken in the county of Nelson, and lodged in jail so that I get him. The above named boy formerly belonged to the heirs of James F. Nail, of Nelson county. HUNTER, MURPHY & TAYLOR, by WM. MATTINGLY, Agent.

**GOLDEN SYRUP.** Sugar House and Plantation of Wm. Wilson, in Barren and Nelson counties, and from a firm by J. M. WILSON.

**MACKEREL.**—Now 1, 2 and 3, in this and half a dozen--just received and for sale by J. M. WILSON.











